

RATES OF ADVERTISING.									
SPACE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1 inch	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90
2 inch	20	40	60	80	100	120	140	160	180
3 inch	30	60	90	120	150	180	210	240	270
4 inch	40	80	120	160	200	240	280	320	360
5 inch	50	100	150	200	250	300	350	400	450
6 inch	60	120	180	240	300	360	420	480	540
7 inch	70	140	210	280	350	420	490	560	630
8 inch	80	160	240	320	400	480	560	640	720
9 inch	90	180	270	360	450	540	630	720	810
10 inch	100	200	300	400	500	600	700	800	900
Special and Legal advertisements must be paid for in advance.									
All letters in relation to business in any way connected with the office should be addressed to the Publishers and Proprietors.									

Business Directory.

**NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.**  
President.....Ulysses S. Grant  
Vice-President.....Henry Wilson  
Chief Justice.....Morrison R. Waite  
Secretary of State.....Hamilton Fish  
Secretary of the Treasury.....William B. Ewing  
Secretary of War.....William B. Ewing  
Secretary of the Navy.....Gideon Welles  
Attorney General.....Edwards Pierpont  
Postmaster General.....Marshall D. Webb  
Clerk of the House.....James C. Blaine  
Clerk of the Senate.....George C. Gorham

**STATE GOVERNMENT.**  
Governor.....Thomas A. Osborn  
Lieutenant Governor.....M. J. Salter  
Secretary of State.....H. Cavanaugh  
State Treasurer.....James C. Blaine  
Attorney General.....A. M. F. Randolph  
State Auditor.....D. W. Fisher  
Sup't Public Instruction.....John W. Rader

**COUNTY OFFICERS.**  
District Judge.....J. W. Talcott  
Probate Judge.....J. W. Talcott  
County Clerk.....J. W. Talcott  
County Treasurer.....J. W. Talcott  
County Attorney.....J. W. Talcott  
County Surveyor.....J. W. Talcott  
County Jailor.....J. W. Talcott  
County Coroner.....J. W. Talcott  
County Assessor.....J. W. Talcott  
County Engineer.....J. W. Talcott  
County Commissioner.....J. W. Talcott

**CITY OFFICERS.**  
Mayor.....J. W. Talcott  
Police Judge.....J. W. Talcott  
City Clerk.....J. W. Talcott  
City Treasurer.....J. W. Talcott  
City Attorney.....J. W. Talcott  
City Surveyor.....J. W. Talcott  
City Jailor.....J. W. Talcott  
City Coroner.....J. W. Talcott  
City Assessor.....J. W. Talcott  
City Engineer.....J. W. Talcott  
City Commissioner.....J. W. Talcott

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL.**  
Corner of Jefferson and Broadway St.  
Services every Sabbath at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m.  
Prayer meeting Thursday at 7 p. m.  
H. K. Muth, Pastor.

**PRESBYTERIAN.**  
Corner Madison and Western street.  
Services 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m.  
S. G. Clark, Pastor.

**BAPTIST.**  
On Sycamore street. Services every Sabbath at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Church meeting at 7 p. m. on Saturday before the first Sabbath in each month. Sabbath school at 9 a. m. C. T. Floyd, Pastor.

Secret Societies.

**IOLA LODGE, NO. 38.**  
A. F. & A. M. Masons meet on the first and third Saturdays in every month. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. H. W. Talcott, W. M. J. N. White, Sec'y.

**IOLA LODGE, NO. 21.**  
I. O. of Odd Fellows hold their regular meetings every Tuesday evening, in their hall, next door north of the post office. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. C. M. Simpson, W. M. W. C. Jones, Sec'y.

Hotels.

**LELAND HOUSE.**  
B. D. Allen, Proprietor. IOLA, KANSAS. This house has been thoroughly repaired and refitted and is now the most desirable place in the city for travelers to stop. Single and double rooms at moderate rates. Baggage transferred to and from Depot free of charge.

**CITY HOTEL.**  
RICHARD FROST, Proprietor. Iola, Kansas. Single rooms 25 cents. Day boarders one dollar per day.

Attorneys.

**NELSON F. ACERS.**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Iola, Allen county, Kansas. Has the full and complete set of Abstracts of Allen county.

**FRANK W. BARTLETT.**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Iola, Kansas. Money to loan on long time and at low rates on well improved farms in Allen county.

**MURRAY & RICHARDS.**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Money in sums from \$500 to \$5,000 loaned on long time upon improved farms in Allen, Anderson, Woodson, and Sedgewick counties.

Physicians.

**M. DEMOSS, M. D.**  
OFFICE over Jno. Francis & Co's Drug Store. Residence on Washington avenue, 2nd door south Ninth street.

**A. J. FULTON, M. D.**  
L. C. P. S. Ont. Canada, graduate Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, member of the Alumni Association of the College, Physician Surgeon and Accoucher. Office and residence over Beck's grain and feed store, Iola, Kas.

Miscellaneous.

**L. L. LOW.**  
GENERAL AUCTIONEER. Iola, Kansas. Cries sales in Allen and adjoining counties.

**H. A. NEEDHAM.**  
COUNTY CLERK. Conveyancing carefully done, and acknowledgements taken. Maps and plans neatly drawn.

**J. N. WHITE.**  
UNDEBTAKER. Madison avenue, Iola, Kan. Services performed constantly on hand and burials always made in the most efficient manner. Furnished on short notice.

**H. REIMERT.**  
TAILOR, Iola, Kansas. Scott Brothers' old stand. Clothing made to order in the latest and best styles. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cleaning and repairing done on short notice.

**J. E. THORP.**  
BARBER SHOP on Washington avenue first door south of L. L. Northrup's. Fine. Produce and vegetables of all kinds taken in exchange for work. Also a few good second-hand fixtures for sale cheap; also a fine quality of Hair Oil.

**D. F. GIVENS.**  
WATCHMAKER, JEWELER, AND CLOCK REPAIRER, at the postoffice, Iola, Kansas. Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, promptly and neatly repaired and warranted. A fine assortment of Clocks, Jewelry, Gold pens and other fancy articles, which will be sold cheap.

**JOHN KELLY.**  
BARBER. Shop at City Hotel, Iola, Kansas. Shaving, etc.; Hair Cutting, etc.; Shampooing, etc.

**MONEY ON WELL IMPROVED FARMS.** on five years time or less at a lower rate of interest than ever before charged in this State. B. WATKINS & CO., Lawrence, Kansas. Address them at Lawrence, Kansas, Manhattan, Emporia, Humboldt, Parsons or Wichita.

PINKERTON'S MEN.

A Talk With the Superintendent About His System and Its Workings.

Allusion has been frequently made in these and other columns of late to "Pinkerton's men." The business man probably understands all that is implied by the term, but there are doubtless hundreds of readers of the *World* who are not aware that "Pinkerton's men" are the agents of a private detective bureau organized many years ago and since grown to be the most prominent and powerful rival of the regularly constituted and authoritative agencies for the detection of crime.

Mr. Allen Pinkerton, himself a detective of no ordinary ability, appears to have had very early in his career a well-defined and original notion of what a detective should be in order to accomplish his work. He also possessed very strong convictions regarding the system and organization of detective bureaus. His present business has been built up on and has grown out of those early impressions. With a view of ascertaining if possible, wherein Pinkerton's system and Pinkerton's men differed from the official system and the immemorial Hawkshaw of the authorities, the present writer paid a visit to the agency with the hope of learning from Mr. Pinkerton himself all about it. The New York bureau is in a narrow street that runs out of Broadway, adjoining Wall Street. An unpretentious sign is fastened at the side of the entrance way to one of those stately, dark and gloomy buildings down town which seem to frown away every thing but business of the most serious nature. Once up stairs the whole floor is found to be subdivided into Pinkerton's rooms. One enters the visitors' apartment to find several people nervously waiting already. It is furnished with the usual office paraphernalia of green table, directories, cash bottom chairs, a desk, messenger telegraph and any quantity of cheap pictures. Glass doors lead out in several directions. Two or three hatless boys-in-waiting are ready to take your card, and you sit down and reconnoitre. The only thing at all significant is the conduct of the other visitors. All else wears the dull business air of a lawyer's anteroom. One of the visitors is a woman dressed in black and shrouded in a heavy black veil. She sits unobtrusively in the chair with her back to the light that comes in at the window and in her effort to disguise her trepidation she continually shifts her position a little and occasionally starts a little whenever one of the boys goes to the door or strikes up a tattoo upon the green table with his knuckles. Shrewdly enough you instantly guess that this is one of the domestic clients whose jealousy and whose wrongs probably contribute more than any thing else to the support of private detective bureaus. If you have had any experience with the half dozen other detective shops of the metropolis you know that the desire to find out where a husband goes or who it is he goes with, and the equally laudable wish to have the erratic and mysterious conduct of a wife explained or at least formulated, gives employment to nine out of ten of all the private detectives. Now and then a while an employer would like to know something more about the private habits of his cashier. Rumors reach him that he is keeping a horse and a mistress and that he gambles a little. But it is jealousy in the main that makes your private detective a social necessity. And strange as it may appear it is jealousy that pays him the best. How far "Pinkerton's men" have with the expansion of Pinkerton's business outgrown this elemental detective work, it is difficult to say. But it is only fair to assume from obvious facts that this bureau has its hands full of better business.

Mr. Allen Pinkerton is in Chicago and cannot be seen, but Mr. Bangs, his New York superintendent, kindly grants us an interview. A boy opens one of the glass doors without taking his eyes off us, and we are ushered into a private office, luxuriously furnished, where Mr. Bangs sits at a polished desk, with a lounge drawn up at his side for the consulting party. He is a middle-aged gentleman with a courtly manner and a rather handsome, intellectual face. He impresses us as a person of clear perceptions, excellent judgment and strong will. His deliberate manner and slow, careful speech suggest the man of method and discipline. In a word he is something of a lawyer and a little of the diplomat. In answer to an inquiry, he replies that he is familiar with Mr. Pinkerton's system in all its details, having helped to perfect it.

"And does that system differ essentially from all others?"

"Yes; all other government systems."

"In what respect?"

"In many respects; mainly and radically, however, in the theories upon which it is built. First, that all crime is from its nature discoverable; second, that morality or honesty is an indispensable condition precedent in all attempts to deal with crime."

"Do I understand you to say that these theories have been found practicable in the employment of agents and the carrying on of business?"

"Not only practicable, but advantageous in all respects. Understand me, I do not say that we can make men honest, or that it is always possible to find them honest. But we select them with reference to that quality, and we take every means, moral and physical, to keep them so while in our employ."

"But honesty of purpose will not supply the place of the specific talents needed."

"No; but the specific talents are not apt to exist without it, and if they do they are not available for this business. Mr. Pinkerton, to whom the credit mainly belongs for the success of his business, assumed and held tenaciously from the very start the philosophical idea that in the detection of crime the very best energies and talents should be employed; that they were to be found, as a general rule, only in the healthy man. You understand that he considers the criminal an unhealthy man whose capacity is not equal to the same order of intelligence in a man morally sound. That is to say, that of two men mentally equal in natural gifts the honest man of the two is the better man for all purposes."

"But you cannot guarantee any more than you can create honesty."

"We can guarantee it for our purpose. We make it desirable to remain in the service of the house. At the same time we make it impossible for dishonesty to remain."

"Do you mean to tell me that all your men are above temptation?"

"By no means. But some men are more susceptible to temptation than others. We select those who have learned to resist it; and we surround him with such checks and such guards that it is impossible for him to be unfaithful to us, and extremely difficult."

"Would you object to stating generally what those safeguards are?"

"Well, in general terms, I may say that after employing an agent with reference to his character and capacity we give him a guarded trial. We then pay him liberally and stand by him. He can find no better friend than his employer."

"Do you pay your men a better rate than that paid to the detectives of the city?"

"Undoubtedly, and take care of them. Every man in our employ is compelled to make a written report at least once a day to this office, accounting for his use of every minute of the time during that day, whether he be on duty or not. These written reports have been found to be the best possible safeguard. Every attempt to deceive us defeats itself in the record. No gratuities or rewards are permitted, and our agents are unknown to all but this office."

"Did I understand you to say that you held all crime to be discoverable?"

"Yes, theoretically. Mr. Pinkerton has laid it down as a law for his own guidance, that the perpetrator of a crime never escapes from the impulse to divulge it. His experience has corroborated this by proving in a number of cases that the criminal was actually haunted to destruction by the fear of himself, and that the final disclosure was chosen as preferable to further secrecy and torture."

"Then you attribute the failure of the police authorities to discover the perpetrators of great crimes?"

"Simply," said Mr. Bangs, "to their not employing the proper means."

"That is the intelligence and honesty that were adequate?"

"Exactly."

"Do you then assume that the murder of Mr. Nathan and the whereabouts of Charlie Ross are discoverable?"

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Bangs with composure. "This office never had any doubts about it."

"But were not your men employed in tracing the abductors of Charlie Ross?"

"Yes, and starting upon an independent path reached the same facts that was in the possession of the Central office here. It was known to our men and the city detectives two weeks after the abduction who stole the boy. But at this point in the search we came into collision with the officials. More or less jealousy will exist. It is not to the interest of our office to fall out with the police authorities, whose services we are often compelled to use; and the consequence was we withdrew our men."

"Then you think you would have obtained the child?"

"Well," said Mr. Bangs smiling, "it is not our custom to assert that we can do anything. The record of transactions will, however, show that we have generally accomplished our work satisfactorily. We make it a rule not only to get but to convict our man. If you ask me whether I think Charlie Ross should have been found, I answer yes."

"Do you think he is still alive?"

"Yes."

"Let me ask you before going. Do you think that the principles upon which your business is built are applicable to the municipal system?"

"Well, as for that, honesty and capacity are always applicable and desirable; but it is doubtful if a vast machine, subject to the perturbations of politics, can ever be made to act with the same accuracy that is obtainable in a narrower sphere where one intelligence and one will make themselves felt arbitrarily in every department."

American Common Schools.

Although our American schools will have to imitate as far as technical details are concerned, European school systems, still we are bound to look upon the scope of our own systems as being of a much higher order; that we must look upon the results which it can ultimately reach as of far greater consequence than those generally attainable by the educational establishments of Europe. As all our institutions should do justice to the universal interests of humanity, in a higher degree than the state of things in Europe and the conditions of the continental governments will allow, so towers in like manner, the mission of the American common school high above the aim of elementary schools of other countries. It can accomplish more than they, and therefore, it should do so. The American common school is destined to become in time the model school of the world, and, though it is yet very far from having reached this end still its disposition and adaptability to its sublimed aim leads us to expect that it will soon attain the same. Our system needs but a proper guide to lead it to perfection, for the condition of success exists already. Therefore, every attempt to divert it from this mission and to bring it down to the level of the most elementary grade of instruction, must be immediately and persistently opposed.

Universal ignorance is incompatible with human freedom, with universal liberty.

The public school must of necessity be the great lever and means on which the nation must rely for the diffusion of intelligence among the masses of the people.

The higher you make the standard of the system of education in the common school the more secure do you build up and strengthen the structure of your national liberties.

Every step you take to lower this standard, every study that you erase from its list, tends to sap the very foundation stones of that edifice on which rests, and must ever depend, our future as a free people.—Bayard Taylor.

Stirring up the Bees.

Farmer Smith belonged to the Grange and obeyed the injunctions to lay his furrows straight and look to his fencing. Weeds were abominable in his eyes, and none were allowed to go to seed on his place. It need not be said how much of this was due to Johnny Strong, a lad who lived with his uncle and swung his scythe or plied the hoe on Saturday and during vacation. One little bunch was left near the public road on account of a bumblebee nest, and Mr. Smith promised at the morning's mowing to show how easy it would be to eat them without disturbing the bees. "You know, Johnny, boys never can do anything quietly."

The boy resolved that he would not be outdone, and the next morning he tied into a long cord all the fishing lines he could find, and going out, fastened one end to the bush under which the nest was built. When uncle Smith goes out to show how it can be done "quietly, quietly, you see, Johnny," the boy places himself at the further end of his string, and when the governor was getting near that made him feel uneasy. A few jerks filled the air with maddened bees, the old man loses his equilibrium and is striking wildly with his scythe, first at the bees, then at the weeds; the bees get in a good one under the right eye, the weeds are forgotten, and the fight against the bees waxed hot. The boy is hilarious; he is master of the situation, he pulls on the string and dances with delight. It is too good to last. The old man puts off towards the house, arm beating the air, like the arms of a self-remembering reaper in motion.

Johnny had his laugh and follows in time to run over to the neighbors for arnica and hartshorn.

Those weeds went to seed, but uncle Smith never knew what made the bees get so mad.

Solving a Difficulty.

A grandson to the Governor of Virginia, a child of some four or five summers, was on a visit to his maternal grandfather, who is a wealthy landlord in Ohio. One day after making his first visit to Sabbath School, and being duly impressed with the religious lessons taught there, he took his grandfather down to the farm to show and gather the fruit of a large walnut tree, which was ripe and ready for the harvest. On the way the little fellow, with the philosophy which reads "sermons in stones," said:

"Grandpa, who does all these woods and fields belong to?"

"Why," said the matter-of-fact gentleman, "to me."

"No sir," emphatically responded the child; "they belong to God."

The grandfather said nothing till they reached the richly-laden tree when he said:

"Well, my boy, who does this tree belong to?"

This was a poser, and for a moment the boy hesitated; but, casting a longing look upon the nuts, he replied:

"Well, grandfather, the tree belongs to God, but the nuts are ours."

Pretty Tough Plug.

One day last month when trade was dull, a Vicksburg grocery clerk procured a piece of sole-leather from a shoemaker, painted it black, and laid it aside for future use. Within a few days an old chap from back in the country came in and inquired for a plug of chewing tobacco. The piece of sole-leather was tied up, and paid for, and the purchaser started for home. At the end of the sixth day he returned, looking downcast and dejected, and walking into the store he inquired of the clerk:

"Member that terbacker I got here the other day?"

"Yes."

"Well, was that a new brand?"

"No—same old brand."

"Regular plug-terbacker was it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, it's me; it's right here in my jaws," sadly replied the man. "I knowed I was getting pretty old, but I was allus handy on bit'n' plug. I never seed a plug afore this one that I couldn't tear to pieces at one chaw. I sot my teeth on this one, and bit and pulled and twisted like a dog at a root, and I've kept bit'n' and pulling for six days, and there she am now, the same as the day you sold her to me!"

"Seems to be a good plug," remarked the clerk as he snuffed off the counter-feit.

"She's all right; it's me that's failing!" exclaimed the old man; "Pass me out some fine-cut, and I'll go home and seed the farm to the boys, and get ready for the grave!"

How to Keep a Subscriber.

An indignant farmer recently entered the office of the *Elizabeth News* and ordered his paper stopped because he differed from the editor in his views regarding the advantages of subsoiling fence rails. The editor of course conceded the right to stop his paper, but he remarked coolly, looking over his list:

"Do you know Jim Sowders, down at Hardacre?"

"Very well," said the man.

"Well he stopped his paper last week because I thought a farmer was a blamed fool who didn't know that timothy was a good thing to graft on huckleberry bushes, and he died in four hours."

"Lord, is that so?" said the astonished Granger.

"Yes; and you know old George Erickson, down on Eagle Creek?"

"Well I've heard of him."

"Well," said the editor gravely, "he stopped his paper because I said he was the happy father of twins, and congratulated him on his success so late in life. He fell dead within twenty minutes. There are lots of similar cases, but I don't matter. I'll just cross your name off, though you don't look strong and there's a bad color on your nose."

"See here, Mr. Editor," said the subscriber, looking somewhat alarmed, "I believe I'll just keep it another year, 'cause I always did like your paper, and come to think about it, you're a young man and some allowance order be made," and he departed satisfied that he had made a narrow escape from death.

A Remarkable Race.

Mr. Bertram F. Hartshorne, of the Bengal Civil Service, read before the anthropological section of the British Association at its late meeting, an account of the habits and psychology of the people known as Weddas, compiled from personal observations. He said that they were a remarkable race of aborigines, who still depended for their means of subsistence upon their bows and arrows, and passed their lives in the vast forests of Ceylon without any dwelling houses or system of cultivation. There was an entire absence of any flint or stone implements among them, and their state of barbarism was indicated by the practice of producing fire by means of rubbing two sticks together, as well as by their habitual disregard of any sort of ablution. Their intellectual capacity was very slight; they were quite unable to count or discriminate between colors; but, while their moral notions led them to regard theft or lying as an inconceivable wrong, they were devoid of any sentiment of religion, except such as may be inferred from their practice of offering a sacrifice to the spirit of one of their fellows immediately after his death, their idea of a future state being that they became devils after death. They never laughed, and it was observable that they were the only savage race in existence speaking an Aryan language.

A Danbury Deacon nearly captured five boys who had been devastating his chestnut trees one Sunday afternoon, shaking his fists after their retreating forms he angrily shouted: "The sneaking little devils! If I had hold of them for one minute, I'd—" and then suddenly spying his pastor on the scene he impressively added: "I'd pray for 'em!"

Nothing is so discouraging to a young lawyer just as he waxes eloquent about angel's tears, weeping willows and tomb stones, as to be interrupted by the cold blooded justice with, "You're off your nest, bub; this is a case of hog stealing."

A man is 1,500 times as large as the common honey bee, and yet it is useless to try and argue the matter with a bee.

Cheap "People's Money."

The different effects produced by the depreciation of the legalized paper money of the country was admirably stated by Mr. Schurz in his Cincinnati speech. In case the currency be increased, as proposed by the Democratic madmen of Ohio, the capitalist and merchant of large means can at once meet the consequences. He immediately calls in all the money due to him, and enforces payment with the least possible delay. He at the same time makes up the prices of all he has got to sell, not only to cover the existing but the future depreciation of the currency. He will buy on credit at existing prices, knowing that he can pay with paper dollars that will have declined in value. Having the means at hand, he is able to make a profit from every fluctuation. He in this way accumulates, adds to his wealth, and absorbs the property of those less fortunate.

The other side of the picture is not so rosy. The man who has to labor daily for the support of himself and family has but a few hundred dollars in the savings bank. Engaged at labor he does not notice the daily fluctuations in the money market. He knows generally that the "people's money" is becoming plenty and cheap. But in time the change is brought home to him. He soon discovers that the price of groceries, clothing and shoes have advanced, and, in answer to his inquiries why, is told that gold has gone up, and the prices have advanced with it. He cannot afford to wait till prices come down; he must have these things. It does not take long for him to discern that his wages are no longer sufficient to meet his expenses. He asks for more, and his employer puts him off as long as possible under the delusion that gold will come down and prices fall. But gold does not come down. At last, perhaps after a strike, he gets an advance in wages of 10 or 15 per cent. But gold and the cost of living have advanced 30 or 40 per cent., and keep advanced. Then the landlord demands an increase of rent proportionate to the general increase. He then thinks he will obtain a home for himself in a remote part of the city where lots are cheap; he thinks he can build himself a small tenement in which his family can live, and that his money in the bank can go a great way in doing this. He draws his money but finds that it will not purchase more than half as much building materials as it would have done before money had become plenty and cheap. He then tries to borrow at "low interest" on three years' time. But the money lender frankly tells him that to lend money for three years is out of the question, because at the end of three years the currency may not be worth 10 cents on the dollar. In his bewilderment, the man asks, "Is no money lent at all?" "Certainly," answers the lender; money is lent on call, on good security, so that I can demand payment at any time, and, if payment is not made, can convert the security." Apparently the man asks if there is no way in which he can obtain a loan, and is then told he may figure out how much the money he wants will amount to in gold, and then secure the payment of that sum in gold when due. This he cannot do, because he can make no estimate of how much greenbacks he would have to pay in the end to equal the loan in gold. He has, therefore, to abandon the project of building. In time he finds that the value of his deposit in the savings bank has so declined that \$20 of it will not purchase a load of coal; he can save nothing; he is consuming what little he once had. Finally, his employer, who has been doing business with the cheap money, finds he can not sell, and discharges his workmen. Credit explodes. There is a crash. The wealthy man is safe and prosperous; the workman is wrecked and ruined. The "cheap money" has proved to be the gambler's token; the means of swindling; the sharper's device. And this is but the story of paper money in every age and in every country.

Let us Take Comfort.

A lady writer says: Comfort is an expressive word, and one, the real meaning of which, applied to each of us personally is not fully realized. As a people we seem to try how we may make ourselves uncomfortable, and all because we do not appreciate what constitutes the real enjoyment, which is in fact more than enjoyment—personal comfort. We are too much afraid that if we make ourselves comfortable that we shall overstep the bounds of politeness, or create the unfavorable criticism of those higher, it may be, in the social scale than we are, of whose opinion we stand in mortal fear. A way with such false notions of personal independence, such mock adherence to the tyranny of fashion. When we learn that we have a right to wear tight shoes or go barefooted, to stand on our toes (the men, of course), to smoke to strain ourselves up in corsets, or wear none at all, just as we please, if we are comfortable in so doing, and do not interfere with the happiness or enjoyment of our neighbors—so much the better it will be for us, and so much will we have advanced toward a truer and more sensible manner of life. Especially at this season should we all be firm advocates of personal comfort. We are glad to notice increasing evidence of some breaking of the chain of fashionable folly, and the development of some personal comfort, and some independence of character, among the residents of our cities and large towns. If we want to lounge on the sofa of an after-dinner hour; if we want to tumble the mattress in our sleeping-room in the afternoon; if we want to wear loose, easy dresses, innocent of ornaments and frills and unnecessary appendages; if we want to sit under the trees in our lawns and smoke, or read, or sew, or play croquet; or if we want to do any thing or place ourselves in any position where we shall enjoy personal comfort—in the name of all that is sensible and lawful let us do it. What if the bed is tumbled and the room cluttered up, and Mrs. Smallpiece sees us in a calico dress, so long as we are comfortable? Is it any body's business but our own that we play croquet, or lounge on the veranda in sight of passers-by, or smoke, or read wholesome novels, so long as we pay